JAMES J. H. GREGORY. — OFFICE OF — EDGAR GREGORY.

JAMES J. H. GREGORY & SON,

SEED • GROWERS,

AND WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

GARDEN AND FLOWER SEED.

Marblehead, Oct 27 1908

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President J. W. Thomas,

My Dear Sir:

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I wonder if Farnsworth carried over into his old age any of that happy, cheerful look and elastic step which characterized him when a student? I recall, also, James Eames Rankin, afterwards so distinguished. The Case & Blanchard boarded themselves in college at a cost probably of not over 50 ct. each per week + Meals of all kinds were 3 cents per lb. with the exception of Thanksgiving, when turkey crept up to 6 ct. per lb. I purchased a live fowl for 6 ct. — not that per lb. but the entire animal, feather, and all: a dressed fowl brought 12 ct. Wood was $1.60 per cord delivered; eggs 8 ct. per doz. butter 10 to 12 ct. per lb, apples were 20 ct. per bushel at all seasons. About all the orchards were natural fruit with not one variety in a hundred eatable. Labor was 75 ct. per day. College property was not held in high respect. Coming up the stairs a student just behind me threw a stick of wood at the entry window, carrying out about half the sash. I denounced the act & the matter coming before the faculty and the law-breaker barely escaped dismissal. I recall a little incident connected with Mead. Hiram, afterwards of Oberlin. Pettibone, a care-for-nothing fellow of my class had stolen several books, & we had good proof, but denied the theft. I suggested getting a search warrant. Mead & Warner, each of whom had lost books, absented. Accordingly we drew up by a lawyer in the village, and arranged with the Sheriff to be ready to serve it at an hour agreed upon, believing that a threat of so doing would accomplish our ends. When the Sheriff came Mead & Warner's carriage had accidentally stalled to P's door for the hour agreed upon and what under the legal result of a stiff parley. P. dropped his bravado & brought forth his stealings which we distributed to the rightful owners. There was a sensation in college but the cause later was generally endorsed. Martin Freeman, a colored man, was one of

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classmate, almost the first negro to graduate from a New-England college. He was a hard student, excellent scholar and fine man. We had two or three rather pronounced abolitionists in college, but when we marched in procession to Junior exhibition (I think it was) their courage was hardly equal to their convictions, for poor Freeman marched alone until I took his arm. For years he was professor and for awhile president of Liberia college. Marcus Carleton was another of my college mates. He left Amherst at the same date as myself. He was a wise and most faithful missionary in India for over 40 years, and during all that time my correspondent. Between us, (I supplying choice varieties of vegetable seed and he distributing them,) we made or gave a change in the agriculture of India, the governor thanking him in behalf of the inhabitants, making him a handsome present for his mission and the next year went so far as to offer the general charge of the agricultural department, with a salary of $800 per month. I need hardly add that the offer was declined with thanks. In his death I lost a dear friend whose memory I endeavored to embalm in verse, a copy of which I will enclose.

Now vale, vale, et vale!

Yours truly,

J. J. H. Gregory

P. S. Have devoted my closing years to the giving of one volume "libraries" to the colored people of the south, the young graduates who are shut out from the use of the public libraries and with whom, as equals, the north in the years of the rebellion have quite a large fund that the distribution may continue. J. J. H. G.

At Rest

No bloody sword, no dripping spear,
No panoply of mail is found,
Yet a great warrior lies at rest
Upon his well fought battle ground.

Nigh fifty years the fight went on,
No rest nor peace to him were given,
God's poor and weak for all their wrongs
Found champion in this Knight of Heaven

Now dawns on him his day of rest,
The victory won; the long fight o'er;
And pain and suffering, grief and care,
Shall launch their darts at him no more

From thousand homes in India's dells
The wail of mourning hearts shall rise,
Building as grand a monument
As ever rose under Indian skies.

A short farewell, our long time friend;
Perhaps unknown to thee, 'twas given,
To make me, by thy faithful life
A needed stepping stone towards heaven